

EL PASO HERALD

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No. 97 *Telephone*

New Life For Orogrande

THE HERALD'S dispatches from Las Cruces today state that the irrigation enterprise undertaken in the vicinity of Orogrande, N. M., some months ago and interrupted by the arrest of some of the promoters, is to be carried to a successful conclusion. The promoters have been convicted of a mere technical violation of the United States land law, it is stated, but not of having misrepresented their enterprise. They declare that they will now continue their work and that a large area of the valley will soon be under irrigation.

It will be an undertaking worthy of commendation if it is completed, for there is some very fine land in the valley about Orogrande that should be put to use. The soil is rich and capable of high production. This has been demonstrated in several instances throughout the valley where there has been sufficient water to irrigate small patches—one sample was the pump man's garden alongside the railroad track at Orogrande last year—and there is a very large area of this land that is susceptible of cultivation.

The company proposes to pipe the water from the Sacramento mountains for the irrigation. In the immediate vicinity of Orogrande, well water of a satisfactory character for pumping has not yet been located. Closer to Alamogordo there are many shallow wells that produce ample water at a very short lift. This stratum of water may be found in the vicinity of Orogrande, too, and it is a reasonable supposition that some of these days, the entire valley from a considerable distance below that point, to Tularosa and even further north will be under irrigation and producing splendid crops.

The climate is suited to the production of good fruits and vegetables—those harvested further up in the Sacramento mountains have proved this—and the day is coming when the Orogrande valley will rival any of the other rich valleys of the southwest in the quality and quantity of its yield. Owing to the cost of irrigation, the development may be slow; it may wait until the land susceptible to ditch irrigation has all been taken up, but then, the demand for the products will have increased to such an extent, and pumping will no doubt have been reduced to such a cost, that it will be compatible with good business sense to develop the land. Meantime, if the Sacramento Irrigation company can make a success of its efforts, it will be cause for congratulation.

One Theo. Roosevelt is missing the chance of his life with all these "war game" maneuvers in progress and him not president.

A man advertised his furnished home for rent in The Herald, and after the second insertion, rented it for six months and got a check in advance for the price. He says he had a chance to rent it to seven other families and he didn't keep account of the number who just called and asked to see the place. He says if he ever decides to go into the real estate business he will use nothing but Herald want ads. There's a reason.

The "War Game" Fake

HEARST papers so long silent on the Mexican situation—Mr. Hearst has heavy financial interests in Mexico—are now spreading the news over two pages at a time to make amends and have decided that there is "something behind all this activity" that must mean a great deal more than a mere "war game." Here is how they reason out that it is something more serious: "These facts show that massing of troops is not for 'maneuvers'." "Trains were not ready for long since planned maneuvers." This would not have been true was it a genuine war game.

"No empire has been selected as is customary in war games." "The mobilization of 30,000 men to prevent four cruisers getting into Galveston is farcical."

"The movement of the Pacific fleet on the west coast could have no possible connection with a war game 300 miles away."

"Two thousand marines would not have been rushed to Guantanamo and ships kept to transport them to Mexico if they were intended merely for a reinforcement to the four armored cruisers in Galveston, which is the alleged objective point of attack."

The green shoots of grass are peeking out with their reminder that the open-door season has arrived.

The man who boasted that he furnished a library for his cook, didn't have to do very much. Cooks change so often that a very few books would fill the bill.

The Beavers are busy builders, like the animal from which they take their name. They are going to enlarge their home to almost twice its present capacity.

El Paso gets chesty because its trade area extends for four or five hundred miles in a given direction. A headline in a Los Angeles paper tells of that city "reaching out for the trade of Hawaii."

The Spell Of Cloudcroft

IT BEGINS to feel like Cloudcroft. Up there it is also right mild in the day time but crisp at night. The green things are pushing through the moist earth wherever the frost is out of the ground. The grass is greening up with the wet, and the woods look lovely in their cleanliness.

Time to begin preparing for the annual trek. If you have no home up there, get one quickly. The lodge will be pretty fine, but it won't be home. Get a piece of land while there are good pickings left, and build you a bit of a cottage. You will say it is the best investment you ever made.

Any hour, day or night, any day in summer there is an average difference of 30 degrees of temperature between El Paso and Cloudcroft. When the thermometer is 95 here, it is 65 there, and at night she goes down into the forties and younger. O, it's great medicine all right. Better get you a home.

"The city that charms" is the motto of a little California town.

Abe Reuf has an assassin as cellmate at San Quentin. Reuf was an assassin of honesty. It is some satisfaction to know that even a man as powerful as Reuf must really pay the penalty of his crime when convicted. Reuf is at present working as a "spooler" in a jute mill in the prison.

If it's merely a matter of getting your picture in the paper, be a prize fighter or a ball player. Some of the big leaguers get their faces printed twice as often as the president of the United States and a Jack Johnson gets in more than all the rulers of the world.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

MY NEIGHBOR sleeps outdoors; he lies out there and snores; and then next day he goes his way, the drowsiest of drowses. He tells me tiresome tales of how he braved the gales; in peace he slept while torrents swept, and hail came down in pails. The frost was on his nose, and ice was on his toes; he slumbered on until the dawn, serene, when nearly froze. He has a deep disdain for people so insane that they will try to slumber dry, away from snow and rain. This land of ours is free, and men may fadists be; may join the owls and other fowls, and roost up in a tree. Or they may burrow deep where snakes and groundhogs sleep or hang on hooks in quiet nooks, or 'neath the stable creep. But when their sleep is o'er, and they have ceased to snore, they should be drowned if they go round their helpless friends to bore.

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MOURNING

By Minna Von Helde.

Fritz Pitt had all his life been rather fond of the bottle. Nor was he fastidious in his taste. Lager beer and common corn brandy—everything was welcome to his dry throat. But unfortunately Fritz was forced to join that group of philosophers who insist that man has no free will, for in his case it was Mike who had the will. Mike was his wife. Now, of course, it was different, for Mike had died in her bed during the night. That she should thus have left him without saying a word was a thing that Fritz could never understand. She would never have done so in his life.

Fritz was standing in front of the brown painted wall cupboard with the leaded glass panes holding a big cup with many nickels and a few silver coins in his trembling hand. He glanced cautiously at his dead companion before he dared give himself up to the joy of being his own master for the first time in many years. He put the earthenware cup back on the shelf and went to the side of the bed and said softly and good naturedly: "Yes, Mike, it can't be helped. Now you have to leave me for good. She was always headstrong, but she thought, and patted her cold cheek—not a little surprised that she did not stir."

Then he went over to the immense chest with the wooden chest with the year "Anno Domini 1841" painted on the lid, which stood near the hearth, took out his Sunday clothes and slowly put them on, but he could not manage to tie the black neckerchief properly, for this Mike had always used to do for him.

Fritz did not look at Mike, when he again opened the cupboard before he left the house. His first errand was to the paragon, where he modestly announced that his wife had died during the night and paid 50 pfennig to the undertaker.

At the shrine of "Bindum" there is always a crowd of men, women and children. This deity is supposed to cure all mortal maladies, but first he must be given a coin and then the afflicted person of the body must be touched on the wooden image.

The poor god is 280 years old, is reduced to a mere misshapen piece of shining solid wood. His features are worn flat, his fingers are gone, and his digestive apparatus is rubbed away to his spinal cord. And all day long, every day of every year, the throng surrounds this insensate chunk of wood.

In every part of Japan there are such temples and shrines, called Buddhist, where the rank and file go and pray and woo favor from the gods. The priests who dwell in these temples and live by means of the free will offerings of the people, combine fortune telling with this religion, in order to eke out a comfortable income. A student of old religions might be prepared to see a Buddhist priest whose seership powers and be able to read the signs and human destiny. But is something of a shock to see these laughing fakirs juggling their "divining rods" and manipulating their blocks and then proceeding to give out numbers and corresponding slips of paper containing fortunes, very much after the fashion of the fortune telling canny birds carried by strolling people in American cities.

The visitor, who "does as the Romans do, when in Rome," received a great surprise when he found that from a "priest" in a Tokio temple that it created a suspicion of something like a "stuffed ballot box." Having received a larger coin than usual, the fellow "priest" was bound to supply an exceptional fortune.

Ambition for power and progress is the keynote to the mind of the modern Japanese man. He would adopt Christianity, if he thought it could advance the material things which make for success, both personal and national. But otherwise the religion of Christ does not stir him.

The Japanese mind is not antagonistic to Christianity in these days, but conservatism is slow, and some of the leaders in thought have not proved of it as a "school of music and morals, and likely to be advantageous in politics."

That marvelous Scotchman who came to Japan and acquired the language to such perfection that he is a professor in the Imperial university at Tokio, and an authority on all things Japanese, Basil Hall Chamberlain, says the Japanese think Christianity is a cloak for vulgar greed when he sees Protestant England grab at Hong Kong, and holy Russia grab at sundry other provinces; when France and Germany, anti-clerical at home, eagerly try to outdo each other in missionary work, to extract some commercial advantage or snatch some strip of territory abroad.

Japan is indeed a land of dying faith—dead without a religion—Copyright, 1911, by American Journal-Examiner. Great Britain rights reserved.

HOW ABOUT THE RACE? From El Paso Labor Advocate.

According to newspaper reports El Paso is to have a million dollar hotel. The people of El Paso must get busy and provide the tourists with what they will keep the tourists with as well. Many tourists care nothing for keno and then, too, the revolutionists say they will put the keno games out of commission when they come into power.

The Herald's

Daily Short Story

the poor, asked the parson to make known the death from the pulpit the next Sunday and listened to the reverend gentleman's words of consolation with bowed head.

Then Fritz went to the inn, but here he did not tell anyone that Mike had died. They would know soon enough how it happened that Fritz dared visit the inn on an ordinary week day, and 450 feet with the Persians and ponies are being schooled in the ancient "game of kings" against that day when a challenge team from England shall cross the Atlantic to wrest the international cup brought back by the Meadowbrook team in 1900. After it had been in the keeping of the Hurlingham club of England since 1886.

The fact that American teams are now the peers of any polo players in the world is only another evidence of the fact that the Yankee plays with the same zest with which he works. Our British rivals have the advantage of longer experience in polo, but this has been discounted by the proverbial American spirit and the breeding of a polo pony that is rapidly taking first rank.

Origin Buried in Antiquity.
The origin of polo, like that of chess, is buried in antiquity. There are accounts extant of the game being played in Persia as far back as the sixth century before the Christian era, and detailed descriptions of games a thousand years ago are to be found in museums, also drawings showing the method of play. It is generally conceded that the game originated with the Persians and was carried into India by the Mohammedans, who became devotees of the sport after their subjugation of the Persians.

Indian tea planters began playing the game as far back as 1761 and they in turn passed it on to the English merchants in Calcutta. The 10th Hussars, returning to England after their period of service in India brought the game with them in 1870 and a year later there was held at Aldershot the first match of what has since become one of the most popular sports. Five years after the English invasion of Persia, James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, inaugurated the first polo match in America. The sport sprang into popularity at once and the fact that Sir James Watson's team of English players came to New York and defeated the team of the New York Herald, inaugurated the first polo match in America. The sport sprang into popularity at once and the fact that Sir James Watson's team of English players came to New York and defeated the team of the New York Herald, inaugurated the first polo match in America.

On the Dying
Creeds Of Japan

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IN KAMAKURA, a few miles from Yokohama, stands one of the world's art wonders, "the bronze statue of 'Diabutsu' the great Buddha." The statue is 49 feet high, and represents Buddha sitting in contemplation, in a sacred grove. Thousands of copies of this famous statue are to be bought in wood, bronze and stone, and the effect of the impression of its awe-inspiring beauty and indescribable grandeur.

Coming suddenly upon the "Diabutsu" as the visitor must, on passing through the outer gates, the effect is overwhelming. No matter what the faith or lack of faith, or whether he is ignorant or wise in art, unless he is of the lowest type of development (akin to the jellyfish) who looks for the first time upon the colossal ideal of an ancient faith, must be powerfully stirred.

No artist or sculptor of all the centuries has succeeded in making a perfect representation of Christ; one which embodies love, compassion, wisdom, sympathy and immortality. Always there is lacking some quality we feel existed in the Christ; some flaw in the perfect whole.

But all that those old books of sacred wisdom extant in the Vedas—describe as the ecstatic state of realization which is the ultimate good of man; and all that Buddha taught, regarding the state three hundred years before Christ, is expressed in the "Diabutsu."

To look upon it is to know the meaning of that much misunderstood word "Nirvana." Not oblivion, not annihilation, but the state of at-one-moment, the ecstasy of at-one-moment. To see this bronze marvel is to grasp the meaning of Christ when he said: "I and my Father are one."

Nothing is known of the artist, but great must have been his faith and large his understanding, to have produced such enduring magnetism.

Kamakura was the capital of Japan from 1189 until several centuries during that period. An earthquake in 1456 and a tidal wave in 1526 destroyed the town, but while calamities wrecked the temples built over the "Diabutsu," the statue itself was undisturbed and unshaken. But one who stands before the glorious symbol of a great religion and feels the full beauty of both turns to modern Japan and seeks in vain for any philosophy of spiritual faith—of that philosophy as taught by the Vedas, by Krishna, by Buddha. Conquest of the carnal self, meditation on and persistent search for the "God within" until absolute union with the Creative Power was attained—these were the principal supports on which Buddhism in its simple purity rested.

Buddha was an illuminated soul and a wise man. And he strongly disapproved of the worship of idols and all belief which led mankind away from the one method of salvation through self conquest. Personal responsibility and character development were bone and sinew of his creed.

At the Buddhist temple of "Kwan-on" in Tokio, may be seen any day thousands of the lower and middle class Japanese going through religious ceremonies, which must bring sorrow to the soul of Buddha, even in Nirvana, so utterly devoid are they of his spirit and so far away from his teaching.

They are interesting, however, to a foreigner and there is a certain pathos about the childish performance so seriously gone through. At one side of the temple may be seen an old woman tossing a coin in a small aperture and then beating violently on a closed door, after which, believing her knock has gained the attention of the spirit god presiding over that department of the temple, she proceeds to utter a brief prayer. A little farther on, three

America Takes Up English Polo

and Brings the Sport To Perfection

Texas Ponies Popular and Are Trained on the Ranges Until Proficient.

By
Frederic
J. Haskin

AKEN, ordinarily an inconspicuous health resort of South Carolina, has been, and will continue to be for the next few days, the center of interest for the polo players of the United States. On the polo grounds of this little city, 17 miles north of Augusta, Georgia, American men and ponies are being schooled in the ancient "game of kings" against that day when a challenge team from England shall cross the Atlantic to wrest the international cup brought back by the Meadowbrook team in 1900. After it had been in the keeping of the Hurlingham club of England since 1886.

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so much to the extraordinary brilliance of the American method of play, but to the fact that every man on the team had made a careful study of the English "inside" methods and had mastered the "home team's" tricks, and then added a few of his own. Of the stable of 29 horses sent over only 17 were used and only two of these were American-bred ponies. This fact does not reflect upon the American-bred horse, however. Had the ground been dry more American horses would have been used, but it has been found that on a heavy field the English ponies are more at home.

Is Much Like Hockey.
Polo is closely related to hockey, except that the players are mounted, and instead of the hockey stick the rider carries a mallet or polo stick which is from 52 to 56 inches long. The white willow ball is three and one-eighth inches in diameter and should weigh not more than five ounces. The object of the game is to drive the ball between the goal posts which are set upright, 24 feet apart, at each end of the turf field, which is 900 feet long and 450 feet wide. The riders are permitted to interfere with each other, just as in football, and the ball has to be struck only with the mallets, the heads of which are about eight inches long, made of ash or sycamore, and are attached to flexible Malacca canes. The skill of the pony is to be reckoned with on account of the fact that he is made to whirl at the sharpest angles, must be able to come to a halt from a full gallop in the shortest possible distance and should be so trained as to receive the rider's directions by means of a slight pressure of the leg instead of through the bit and bridle. The thoroughly trained polo pony seems to sense the desired direction by instinct and horse and rider seem to move and think as one, like the centaurs of mythology.

Texans Popular Used.
The best American bred ponies come from the ranges of Texas and Wyoming. Ability to resist hard usage, sound intelligence and endurance are the primary essentials. Big horses are not to be desired, as they are not so easily swayed and do not permit the rider to have the same free use of the mallet. Rules provide that the polo pony shall not be taller than 14 hands 2 inches. In the American game, however, the question of the height of the horse is never contested. In England it is adjudged a most important factor and the horses are always carefully selected.

This fact has given rise to a peculiar bit of trickery on the other side. It not infrequently happens that a splendidly trained polo pony is slightly more than the requisite height, so the owner resorts to a device known as "padding" with a pin prick, or an electric buzz at the end of the gage so that, from habit, when any measure is applied to the animal his withers shrink and thus he meets the requirements. Another method is to pad the hindquarters down to the required standard is to walk him 48 hours before the time set for "measuring in." By this mode of procedure there is a general compression of the cartilages, just as a man is found to be shorter after he has stood up all day than when he gets up in the morning.

Ponies Bring Good Prices.
Well trained polo ponies range in price from \$250 to more than \$3000 and the devotees of the game must have a good horse. The best ponies are used for more than 10 to 15 minutes at a time and the game usually last four periods of 15 minutes each. The horse is kept on a constant gallop almost

throughout the progress of the game, and with the constant swirling and abrupt halting it takes real stamina in an animal to stand up under the strain.

The preliminary training of American polo ponies usually takes place on the western ranges. Three promising horses are placed together and held at the head, the widest animal is the middle. The most tractable is then led around the other two and they follow in turn, describing figures eight in the pasture. Then the horses are led between closely planted stakes to accustom them to the impact of body against body. Then a rider mounts, and begins slowly to whirl his mount, allowing the horse to see that there is no danger in its flourish. Next, at a walk, the rider strikes the ball, and when the horse becomes accustomed to this the ball is struck when the animal is going at a canter. By this gradual process the animal is tractable and may be said to be a fair novice pony in four or five months. The polo pony is in prime between the years of 7 and 14.

Popular in the Army.
Polo is generally looked upon as a rich man's sport on account of the expense attached to the maintenance of a polo stable, but in recent years it has become popular among the army officers in the Philippines, just as it has been for 50 years among the British soldiers in India. In the Philippines polo is known as "Polo de Manila" and is played by a severe blow. The head is usually protected by a padded cap, and a collar he is not as swift as the Australian or the Chinese pony, and is considerably underhand, he is said to be hardy and intelligent and the officers are finding the sport most diverting.

The general impression prevails that the game is exceedingly dangerous, due largely to the fact that the social prominence of the players causes every minor injury to be widely exploited in the press. The chief danger lies in the swing of a misdirected mallet. An arm is sometimes shattered, a leg badly bruised, or a finger broken, and there have been rare cases where a young player has fallen with his skull fractured by a severe blow. The head is usually protected by a padded cap, and a collar he is not as swift as the Australian or the Chinese pony, and is considerably underhand, he is said to be hardy and intelligent and the officers are finding the sport most diverting.

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